Do Men Nag?

Do Some of Them Ever Do Anything Else?

By Lillian Bell.

ASK any man you know whether the word "nag" is masculine or feminine, and in every case he will say feminine.

Ask any married woman what she thinks, and see how often it will come out that as a nagger some husbands play a lone hand and score twenty every time.

(I played euchre in the country this summer).

I do not deny that women scold and often scold needlessly, partly from habit or because of their nerves, but when a man begins to find fault with his wife, he starts in on the grocery bills runs gayly through the faults of the cook, which he blames on his wife; touches lightly on her delinquencies as a mender, darner, buyer, spender; points out her faults as wife and mother and winds up with a resume of the domestic situation which for fluency and versatility can seldom be equalled and never excelled.

Do men nag?

Do some of them ever do anything else?

And the worst of it is that their wives are so used to it and so patient under it that the nagging continues.

Why don't you rise up, women? Nagging is a woman's privilege! Why allow the men to trample on us and usurp our rights?

Men are always afraid to open more doors to women, for fear that we will crowd them out of their jobs. Let them have a care, when they take to scolding, that they are not standing in one of our open doors and crowding us out of our birthright.

For women are born regulators and men are not. That is one reason why men are afraid to let us have the ballot. They know that instead of talking about things, but never doing anything, we will start in and gayly usher in some reforms which will make our "gentlemen friends" sit up and take notice.

Then, if they want to nag, they will have something to nag about.

Instead of taking it out on a wife who has nothing to do all day but sweep and wash and iron and make beds and tend to the children and go to market and order the coal and tend to the children, and sew on buttons and darn stockings and turn old clothes and tend to the children, and trim school hats and patch table cloths and answer the telephone and tend to the children, and run up and downstairs, and answer the doorbell and dust the parlor, and run the sewing machine, and see callers and tend to the children, and send for the plumbers, and correct mistakes in the bills and tend to the children, and dress tastefully for dinner, so as to be pleasant and sweet to husband when he comes home and begins to tell her that, if she would only stop gadding and spending more money in a day than he can make in a week, they would get on in the world, they might find food for thought in other lines.

And if he talks for an hour or so in this strain, it cheers up a wife after her idle day in a surprising manner.

Try nagging, you men. It does wonders for the nerves of a tired wife.

And shows what a fine, spirited chap you are!

The Jollys Get a Bull Pup

By T. O. McGill

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Surplice Over Waist.—Pattern No. 6103.

SURPLICE styles are among the most fashionable of the incoming season. This over blouse is simple, graceful and novel in one, and is adapted to a great variety of materials. All satin finished fabrics are promised great vogue for the autumn, however, and the model is made of messaline satin with trimming of chiffon velvet and soutache. The softly draped girdle is attached to the lower edge and the closing is made at the left of the front, and side and front closings make notable features of the season.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 yards 21, 24 or 27, or 1 yard 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming and girdle.

Pattern 6103 is cut in three sizes; small, 32 or 34; medium, 36 or 38; large, 40 or 42 inches bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 123 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Too Young for Black.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE a young daughter eighteen years old, of slight build, who wishes to dress in black silk and to wear a dozen American Beauty roses and to attend a concert in this dress, which is against my wishes. I am led to believe that she wishes to dress as above at the suggestion of her gentleman friend. I would like to know whether I am justified in not wanting her to dress all in black. ANXIOUS.

I think your daughter is too young to dress in black, as that color is generally reserved for older women. Can you not persuade her that black is unbecoming to her and that instead of adding she is detracting from her attractions?

Wait for Him.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE known a young man for the last two years, during which time he has paid a good deal of attention to me only and has invited me to many places of amusement, treating me very nicely at all times. He is of good character. Recently he has told me that he loves me and asked me to be engaged to him, adding that he would not be able to marry me for a couple of years as he is the only support of his mother and sister; and he does not at present feel financially strong enough to give me a good home and at the same time assist his mother and sister. I know this question of support to be true. I love him very much and I would be glad to have your advice as to whether you deem it advisable for me to wait for him. I am twenty-one and he is one year my senior. J. K.

As you are both so young and love each other there is no reason why you should not wait until the young man is financially able to give you a good home. Two or three years will not seem long, and the young man shows that he is of good character to think of his mother as well as you.

Friends for Five Years.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been keeping company with a young lady for five years. I make $22 a week. Do you think it is proper for us to get engaged, as I am twenty-seven and she twenty-two?

J. B.

You are both old enough to marry, and as you have known each other for so long a time there is no reason why you should not propose to the young girl if you love her.

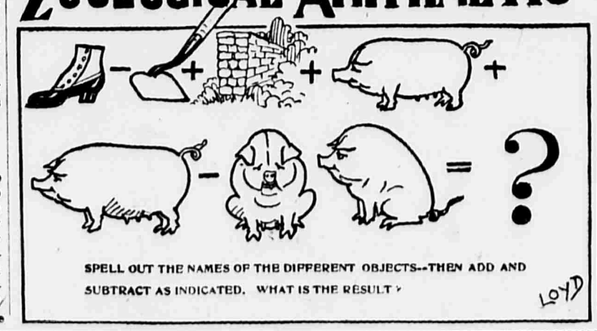
Drowsy Suitor.

Dear Betty:

I AM engaged to a handsome man, who appears to love me, but when he calls on me evenings he has a great habit of going to sleep on the couch. Do you think he really loves me for myself or that he is merely looking for a home? ANXIOUS.

Evidently your fiance is not very deeply interested in you. Cannot you make your conversation more interesting to him? If he does not evince more interest in you, I advise you to break the engagement, as I do not think you will be happy with him.

ZOOLOGICAL ARITHMETIC



SPELL OUT THE NAMES OF THE DIFFERENT OBJECTS--THEN ADD AND SUBTRACT AS INDICATED. WHAT IS THE RESULT?

LOYD

MANHATTANETTES
IN PROSE AND VERSE.

By Martin Green.

The Universal Query.

AS the sun, in his course, takes a southerly route,
And the afternoon shadows swing north;
As the milkman, at dawn, crunches frost underfoot
And the camphor-spiced "benney" comes forth;
As the awnings come down and the storm-doors go up,
And the buckwheat adds blossom apace;
As the suffragette clamors to put in her vote,
And the peek-a-boo waist takes its place
With the faded straw hat
And the many-hued sock,
Then this is the wail
That goes up from each block:
WILL THEY EVER TURN ON THE STEAM HEAT?

As the open street car runs for Sweeney, or less,
And the hot roasted chestnut tastes fine;
As the sausage comes out from its long summer rest,
And the cold storage egg gets in line;
As the candidates shout from the street corner stands,
And the silent vote makes not a sound:
As the chasing of rainbows grows widespread indeed,
And Roosevelt holds his ear to the ground
In the hope that he'll hear
That which may dispel doubt,
Then all that he gets
Is this thunderous shout:
WILL THEY EVER TURN ON THE STEAM HEAT?

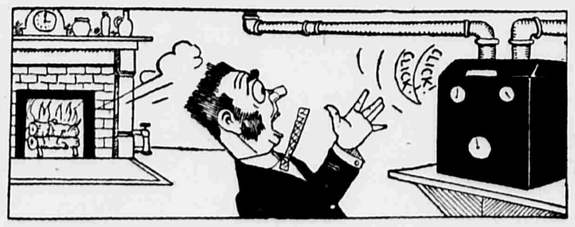
A Fantasy.

ON Coney Island's closing night
We watched, with more than mild regret,
The myriad lights that through the weeks
Had made each tower and minaret
A blazing finger, pointing to the spangled sky.
We watched those lights turn from white to crimson
And then die.
And darkness took the place of light.

But our regret we may well stay—
'Tis chill and drear down by the sea;
The lights we thought imprisoned there
Are still refulgent, clear and free.
Their rays spread softly o'er scenes just as gay;
For when we thought they'd died at Coney Isle
The other day—
They'd simply shifted to Broadway.

The Manhattan Primer.

WHAT have we here, un-der the man-tel, in our co-zy six rooms and bath?
Do you re-fer to the ding-us with pale green whis-kers de-pend-ing there-from?
E-ven so.
That is a mod-ern in-ven-tion known as a gas log.
For what pur-pose is it de-signed?
It is de-signed and in-stalled for the dou-ble pur-pose of mak-ing heat and burn-ing gas.
And does it ful-fil its pur-pose?
Par-tial-ly. It burns gas.
It must look com-fort-a-ble when it is lit up.



True. And some of the holes fail to light, which re-sults in flood-ing your dom-i-cile with large quan-ti-ties of per-fect-ly good gas.

Why is it called a gas log?

There are two rea-sons. The first is be-cause our an-ces-tors, know-ing the gas man not, burned logs in their fire-places. The gas log is a sub-sti-tute for the log.

The sec-ond rea-son is be-cause when you light your gas log your me-ter regis-ters the gas con-sumed af-ter the fash-on of a log of a steam-ship, by nau-ti-cal miles.

A Revelation of New York Society -:- THE YOUNGER SET -:- *By Robert W. Chambers, Author of "The Firing Line" and "A Fighting Chance."*

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

Capt. Philip Selwyn, of an old New York family, has resigned from the army because his wife, Alixe, divorced him to marry Jack Ruthven, a cotillion leader. Returning to New York, Selwyn frequently meets the Ruthvens. Alixe still secretly loves him. Ruthven is luring young Gerald Erroll to gamble at his house. Selwyn begs Alixe to prevent this for the sake of Gerald's sister, Eileen. Eileen is the ward of Selwyn's brother-in-law, Austin Gerard. Nina Gerard, Selwyn's sister, tells her brother that Eileen is falling in love with him. One evening Alixe calls at Selwyn's rooms and a stormy scene ensues. Her husband, fearful of this visit and threatens Alixe into allowing Gerald to gamble again at the Ruthven house. Selwyn's business partner, Neergard, plans a real estate deal so questionable that Selwyn resigns from the firm. Neergard uses Gerald in an effort to force himself into society. Gerald's dissipation becomes notorious. Selwyn, at sacrifice of part of his own fortune, saves the lad from financial disgrace. Then, for a holiday, Selwyn visits the Austin country place at Silverside. He and Eileen go trout fishing together.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

Silverside.

SHE walked over to him and looked down at the beautiful victim of craft.

"Oh, well," she sighed, "you are very clever, of course, and I suppose I'll eat him; but I wish he were alive again, down there in those cool, sweet depths."

"Killing frogs and insects and his smaller brother fish?"

"Did he do that?"

"No doubt of it. And if I hadn't landed him, a heron or a mink would have done it sooner or later. That's what a trout is for: to kill and be killed."

She smiled, then sighed. The taking of life and the giving of it were mysteries to her. She had never wittingly killed anything.

"Do you say that it doesn't hurt the trout?" she asked.

"There are no nerves in the jaw muscles of a trout— Hah!" as his rod twitched and swerved under water and his reel sank again.

And again she watched the performance, and once more turned her back.

"Let me try," she said, when the coup-de-grace had been administered to a lusty, brilliant-tinted bull-trout. And, rod in hand, she bent breathless and intent over the bushes, cautiously thrusting the tip through a thicket of mint.

She lost two fish, then hooked a third—a small one; but when she lifted it gasping into the sunlight, she shivered and called to Selwyn:

"Unhook it and throw it back! I—I simply can't stand that!"

Splash! went the astonished trout; and she sighed her relief.

"There's no doubt about it," she said, "you and I certainly do belong to different species of the same genus; men and women are separate species. Do you deny it?"

"I should hate to lose you that way," he returned teasingly.

"Well, you can't avoid it. I gladly admit that woman is not too closely related to man. We don't like to kill things; it's an ingrained distaste, not merely a matter of ethical philosophy. You like to kill; and it's a trait common also to children and other predatory animals. Which fact," she added airily, "convinces me of woman's higher civilization."

"It would convince me, too," he said, "if woman didn't eat the things that man kills for her."

"I know; isn't it horrid! Oh, dear, we're neither of us very high in the scale yet—particularly you."

"Well, I've advanced some since the good old days when a man went wooing with a club," he suggested.

"You may have. But, anyway, you don't go wooing. As for man collectively he has not progressed so very far," she added demurely. "As an example that dreadful Draymore man actually hurt my wrist."

Selwyn looked up quickly, a shade of frank annoyance on his face and a vision of the fat sybarite before his eyes. He turned again to his fishing, but his shrug was more of a shudder than appeared to be complimentary to Percy Draymore.

She had divined, somehow, that it annoyed Selwyn to know that men had importuned her. She had told him of her experience as innocently as she had told Nina, and with even less embarrassment. But that had been long ago; and now, without any specific reason, she was not certain that she had acted wisely, although it always amused her to see Selwyn's undisguised impatience whenever mention was made of such incidents.

So, to torment him, she said: "Of course, it is somewhat exciting to be asked to marry people—rather agreeable than otherwise"——

"What!"

Waist deep in bay-bushes, he turned toward her where she sat on the trunk of an oak which had fallen across the stream. Her arms balanced her body; her ankles were interlocked. She swung her slim russet-shod feet above the brook and looked at him with a touch of gaminerie new to her and to him.

"Of course it's amusing to be told you are the only woman in the world," she said, "particularly when a girl has a secret fear that men don't consider her quite grown up."

"You once said," he began impatiently, "that the idiotic importunities of those men annoyed you."

"Why do you call them idiotic?"—with pretense of hurt surprise. "A girl is honored"——

"Oh, bosh!"

"Captain Selwyn!"

"I beg your pardon," he said sulkily; and fumbled with his reel.

She surveyed him, head a trifle on one side—the very incarnation of youthful malice in process of satisfying a desire for tormenting. Never before had she experienced that desire so keenly, so unreasoningly; never before had she found such a curious pleasure in punishing without cause. A perfectly inexplicable exhilaration possessed her—a gayety quite reasonless, until every pulse in her seemed singing with laughter and quickening with the desire for his torment.

"When I pretended I was annoyed by what men said to me, I was only a yearling," she observed. "Now I'm a two-year, Captain Selwyn. * * * Who can tell what may happen in my second season?"

"You said that you were not the—the marrying sort," he insisted.

"Nonsense. All girls are. Once I sat in a high chair and wore a bib and banqueted on cambric tea and prunes. I don't do it now; I've advanced. It's probably part of that progress which you are so opposed to."

He did not answer, but stood, head bent, looping on a new leader.

"All progress is admirable," she suggested.

No answer.

So, to goad him:

"There are men," she said dreamily, "who might hope for a kinder reception next winter"——

"Oh, no," he said coolly, "there are no such gentlemen. If there were you wouldn't say so."

"Yes, I would. And there you are!"

"How many?" jeeringly and now quite reassured.

"One!"

"You can't frighten me"—with a shade less confidence. "You wouldn't tell if there was."

"I'd tell you."

"Me?"—with a sudden slump in his remaining stock of reassurance.

"Certainly. I tell you and Nina things of that sort. And when I have fully decided to marry I shall, of course, tell you both before I inform other people."

How the blood in her young veins was racing and singing with laughter! How thoroughly she was enjoying something to which she could give neither reason nor name! But how satisfying it all was—whatever it was that amused her in this man's uncertainty and in the faint traces of an irritation as unreasoning as the source of it!

"Really, Capt. Selwyn," she said, "you are not one of those old-fashioned literary landmarks who object through several chapters to a girl's marrying—are you?"

"Yes," he said; "I am."

"You are quite serious?"

"Quite."

"You won't let me?"

"No, I won't."

"Why?"

"I want you myself," he said, smiling at last.

"That is flattering but horridly selfish. In other words you won't marry me and you won't let anybody else do it."

"That is the situation," he admitted, freeing his line and trying to catch the crinkled silvery shell of the new leader. It persistently avoided him; he lowered the rod toward Miss Erroll; she gingerly imprisoned the feathered fly between pink-tipped thumb and forefinger and looked questioningly at him.

"Am I to sit here holding this?" she inquired.

"Only a moment; I'll have to soak that leader. Is the water visible under that log you're sitting on?"

She nodded.

So he made his way through the brush toward her, mounted the log, and, seating himself beside her, legs dangling, thrust the rod tip and leader straight down into the stream below.

Glancing around at her he caught her eyes, bright with mischief.

"You're capable of anything to-day," he said.

"Were you considering the advisability of starting me overboard?" And he nodded toward the water beneath their feet.

"But you say that you won't let me throw you overboard, Capt. Selwyn!"

"I mean it, too," he returned.

"And I'm not to marry that nice young man?"—mockingly sweet. "No? What!—not anybody at all—ever and ever?"

"Me," he suggested, "if you're as thoroughly demoralized as that."

"Oh! Must a girl be pretty thoroughly demoralized to marry you?"

"I don't suppose she'd do it if she wasn't," he admitted, laughing.

She considered him, head on one side.

"You are ornamental, anyway," she concluded.

"Well, then," he said, lifting the leader from the water to inspect it, "will you have me?"

"Oh, but is there nothing to recommend you except your fatal beauty?"

"My mustache," he ventured; "it's considered very useful when I'm mentally perplexed."

"It's clipped too close; I have told you again and again that I don't care for it clipped like that. Your mind would be a perfect blank if you couldn't get hold of it."

"And to become imbecile," he said, "I've only to shave it."

She threw back her head and her clear laughter thrilled the silence. He laughed too, and sat with elbows on his thighs, dabbling the crinkled leader to and fro in the pool below.

"So you won't have me?" he said.

"You haven't asked me—have you?"

"Well, I do now."

She mused, the smile resting lightly on lips and eyes.

"Wouldn't such a thing astonish Nina!" she said.

He did not answer; a slight color tinged the new sunburn on his cheeks.

She laughed to herself, clasped her hands, crossed her slender feet and bent her eyes on the pool below.

"Marriage," she said, pursuing her thought aloud, "is curiously unnecessary for happiness. Take our pleasure in each other, for example. It has from the beginning been perfectly free from silliness and sentiment."

"Naturally," he said. "I'm old enough to be safe."

"You are not!" she retorted. "What a ridiculous thing to say!"

"Well, then," he said, "I'm dreadfully unsafe, but yet you've managed to escape. Is that it?"

"Perhaps. You are attractive to women! I've heard that often enough to be convinced. Why, even I can see what attracts them"—she turned to look at him—"the way your head and shoulders set—and—well, the—rest. * * * It's rather superior of me to have escaped sentiment, don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do. Few—few escape where many meet to worship at my frisky feet, and this I say without conceit is due to my moustachios. Tangled in those, like web-tied flies, imprisoned hearts complain in sighs—in fact, the situation vies with moments in Boccaccio."

"Because," she said, "you are so unconscious of your own value, I like you best, I think. I never before quite realized just what it was in you."

"My value," he said, "is what you care to make it."

"Then nobody can afford to take you away from me, Captain Selwyn."

He flushed with pleasure. "That is the prettiest thing a woman ever admitted to a man," he said.

"You have said nicer things to me. That is your reward. I wonder if you remember any of the nice things you say to me? Oh, don't look so hurt and astonished—because I don't believe you do. * * * Isn't it jolly to sit here and let life drift past us? Out there in the world"—she nodded backward toward the open—"out yonder all that 'progress' is whirling around the world, and here we sit—just you and I—quite happily, swinging our feet in perfect content and talking nonsense. * * * What more is there after all than a companionship that admits both sense and nonsense?"

(To Be Continued.)